

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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NOTICE.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The young men appear to be on top in South Carolina. The new governor of the State is only 31, the attorney general 25 and the adjutant general 24.

Pysh, Quilaguet, Utaladdy and Klokittat are four towns just incorporated in the state of Washington. Nothing foreign about those names.

A novel Chicago charity, the bureau of justice, which does legal service free for litigants unable to hire lawyers and having good cause for suing or defending suits, examined last year more than 5,000 cases for indigent persons. Of this number 3,000 were disposed of out of court. Of the cases taken into court all but 90 proved well taken and only 88 were withdrawn by reason of failure of the plaintiff to appear.

There are Populists in Greece. A bill was recently introduced in the Greek chamber which provided for the compulsory withholding of the surplus current crop from the market for one year. The object in view was, of course, to maintain the price at its accustomed standpoint, the large crop tending to lower prices, and it was feared this would be felt in future years. The bill was rejected, after an animated debate, by sixty-three votes to forty-five.

The projected expedition to the North Pole by Julius von Payer has a novel object. The Austrian painter-explorer is going into the frozen zone in search of new landscapes and new animals for his brush. The Old World has been exhausted for the artist's canvas, he says, and the popular taste is for novelties—rhinoceroses in place of tigers and lions, Mormon families, negro battles, shepherds of the Pampas, sun-worshippers, anything out of the ordinary run of painter's subjects. Von Payer wants especially to depict the polar night, with its copper moon and rivers of molten silver.

Concord, a California boom site, is thus described by an impartial writer: Concord is situated on the Atlantic and Pacific road, about four miles southeast of Mojave, and is utterly worthless for any purpose whatever. It is a sandy desert covered with dwarf cactus, and is even shunned by rabbits and birds. The nearest water that could be used for irrigation is twenty-five or thirty miles away, which would have to be brought that distance by pipe lines up hill. The land is absolutely worthless. A large number of lots have been sold to eastern people, but nothing further has ever been done. The only vegetation is a small cactus, dwarfed to a creeping plant, owing to the conditions that prevent it growing. Concord is miles away from timber. There is no more uninviting spot on earth.

There has recently died in a New Jersey town a queer old character named Page, but better known as the Silent Man. He simply had nothing to say and refused to waste time and breath saying nothing. He sold papers for a living, saved his money, attended to his own business and paid no attention to what other folks did or said. As the result of all this he lived to be over 90. The one time when his meek spirit rose to the occasion of answering a challenge occurred when a subscription was being taken up for funds to procure a bell for a Presbyterian church in Rahway. A rich and stinky citizen laughingly told the soliciting committee that he "would give as much as old Page." The Silent Man heard of it and sent in his check for \$500 for the bell fund.

The Boston Transcript says that of the 146 inhabitants of the little town of Chilmark, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, thirty-six, or almost exactly one-quarter, are congenitally deaf and dumb. The town records show that two of the original settlers of the place, away back in the seventeenth century, were deaf and dumb, and the infirmity has thus been transmitted to our own day. This hereditary influence shows no plan of uniformity in its workings, deaf and dumb parents having children in full possession of all their senses, and vice versa. This peculiar community shut in from the outside world, is, however, alive to all the social and political influences of the time, and does not differ in great degree from the

thousand and one secluded villages which dot our New England hills and shore line. It affords, however, ample opportunity for the minute investigation of both the sociologist and the student of evolution and physiological heredity.

SENSIBLE TALK.

Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota is a Populist, but his ideas on protection are worth the attention of members of all parties. He declares that for this country to adopt a free-trade policy would be the same as a landlord renting a store to a merchant, on condition that any one else and every one else should have the right to enter the store, spread out their tables and wares, and go to selling their goods, without paying part of the rent. It would be like selling a man a farm and putting in the deed a covenant that anybody else should have the right to raise crops on it. It would be like renting a man a house with the condition that strangers should, at all times, have the right to get into the grub-pot, and crowd the tenant away from the fire. Mr. Donnelly then asks this question: If a people pay taxes to support a government and turn out to fight for it, and have no more rights than the alien across the Atlantic, who does neither, what does citizenship amount to?

That's about the size of it, Mr. Donnelly may have queer ideas about some public problems, but he is sound on the tariff.

AN IMITATIVE SOCIETY.

Ward McAllister, the New York Society guide, is a man of brains as well as clothes and deportment. He has become disgusted with the un-American antics of some of his friends, and he publicly declares that he wants Americans to quit trying to be English or French, and to cultivate the habit of being Americans. He thinks that New York is just as good as London or Paris, and there is no reason why New Yorkers should not hold up their heads independently, and make their own customs. He wants Americans to break away from foreign customs and ideas, patronize American industries, wear American clothes, and let foreign things alone.

We don't know how powerful Mac's pull in Society is nowadays, but if he can induce his friends to do as he wants to have them in this matter he will do a good thing. There is no reason why the people of this country who are in Society should be imitators, and poor ones at that, of either the English or French. They only show their own weakness by such imitation, and they earn and receive the contempt of those whom they imitate. This country is big enough and rich enough to have a Society of its own. And Mr. McAllister is evidently of bigger mental caliber than many who are members of his imitative Society.

MASSACHUSETTS ROADS.

Massachusetts has a highway commission, and the report of the commission which will soon be made to the legislature contains much that is interesting to those who want better roads. The commission estimates that the cost of planting trees along the State roads, which it is directed to do when feasible, would be \$1,000,000. The commission says: "It is a question if it would not be well to make a large part of the plantings of American nut trees—white and black walnuts and hickories and chestnuts. The commissioners would be glad to receive advice from citizens on this subject. Although planting should be begun in the spring of 1895, it will at first be carried on slowly and in an experimental way." The question of the width of roads has been a problem attended with some difficulty to the commission. On this head the report says: "The commissioners, believing that the aim of the law is to secure the greatest possible length of good roads at the least possible expense, have limited the width of the hardened part to the actual needs of the existing traffic. In only eighteen instances has the hardened section been eighteen feet or more in width, and in these cases only by reason of the amount of travel. The remaining thirty places have a width of fifteen feet. So important has it seemed to the commissioners to gain length of way that in thinly settled parts of the commonwealth they are considering the advisability of building 'single-track' roads, having a width of nine feet, with frequent places of double width, which may serve as passing points for carriages. These ways are found in Europe and have always existed in southeastern Massachusetts, where the turn-outs are so arranged that drivers may always have access to one after sighting the other." The statement is made that the commonwealth would save \$300 a mile in building roads if it owned its own rollers. That the law creating the commission has been a success is shown by the co-operation of towns and cities in the work attempted. The town of Yarmouth, for instance, has appropriated \$50,000 to pay one-half the cost of State roads constructed within its limits, and liberal appropriations have been made by other towns.

FASHION NOTES.

The Rule of Three for Street Gowns. Wool, silk and velvet are combined for the handsomest street and carriage gowns. The wool is used for skirt and foundation of the bodice, the sleeves,

girdle and collar are of velvet, and the vest of silk. Of course the silk of the vest may be the same as the lining of the skirt and the bodice, and that lining may show through the perforating that is just now so much in vogue for street gowns. The simple walking dress that the artist presents here is of heavy brown broadcloth, its short jacket hooking in front where it is ornamental.



mented with four large buttons. Its back is fitted and for trimming there is a large collar of brown velvet whose ends narrow toward the waist. This collar may be made separately and would be very pretty if made of fur.

If of the latter material, it would be as much of a protection as are many theater capes, though these same small affairs are extremely elaborate. Chin-chilla in the softest and finest quality is much used because it is lighter than other furs. It is made up with mounting of velvet and often with insertions of heavy lace. Such garments are short, standing out on the shoulders and reaching to about the elbow. For short women, they reach only to the elbow on the sides and are made longer in a point back and front. This is much more becoming to the full figure. The swiftest black velvet coats are lined with ivory satin, the tails of the coats flare prettily, permitting the white to show, and the wearer's rival just back of her rejoices because she thinks the placket is open and showing white through, and then is green with envy because she hasn't got ivory satin lining to her coat.

Glance kid is the thing again for gloves, though it never does and never can make a hand look so well. It does not cleanse as thoroughly as the undressed kid, but on the other hand, the dressed skin wears longer. Dull tans and mode shades are in special vogue. All fancy effects in coloring have been discarded by women of correct taste.

DREAMING.

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.—Texas Siftings.

Customer—I am furnishing a modern flat. Floorwalker—The toy department is downstairs.—Detroit Tribune.

"I'll tell you what," said McSwatters the other evening, "if you want to bring out what's in a man, give him a sea voyage."—San Francisco Post.

Her Ma—Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love. Bold Colpitt—Well, didn't I return it? Her Ma (making her exit, aside)—Another case of "honor among thieves."—New York Ledger.

Mrs. Quills (at 1 a. m.)—Where have you been until this hour? Mr. Quills—At the office, balance my books! Mrs. Quills—Well, I hope they balance better than your feet!—Truth.

"Here's a fellow," said Plodding Pete, who had been indulging in literature, "what says dere's too much labor agitation in dis country." "Dat's what dere is," replied Meandering Mike. "I suffers from it myself. Every time I think of labor it agitates me."—Washington Star.

Mamma—What is Willie crying about? Bridget—Sure, ma'am, he wants to go across the street to Tommy Brown's. Mamma—Well, why don't you let him go? "They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."—New York Journal.

Committeeman (to public school teacher)—We was thinkin' of puttin' up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children; what do you say? How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do? School Teacher—That wouldn't do. The children know how small my salary is.—Household Words.

A Washington lady has a musical dancer which she feels some pride in exhibiting to her friends. When it is tilted to pour out its contents the disturbance of the center of gravity sets a music box playing and the ears as well as the inner being are refreshed. She is a witty woman, and when a caller exclaimed, "What a pretty tune! It's capital bouffe, isn't it?" she replied, "No, my dear, it may have been at one time, but it's capital buff now."—Kate Field's Washington.

At the Intelligence Office.—Mrs. de Poyster (engaging a servant)—What nationality are you, Norah? Norah—Sure, Ol'm an American, mum. Mrs. de P.—What kind of American? Norah—Faith and Ol' guess you'd call me an Ol'ish-American. Mrs. de P.—Then you will not suit me, as I want a pure American. Norah—Ol' didn't know that. I am one. Norah—Oh, it's beggin' your pardon, Ol' am, but Ol' never should have thought; yez don't look a bit like an Indian, mum.—Puck.

ABOUT ROSES.

Legends and Facts—The Origin of New Species. (Mury T. Earle in New York Evening Post.) True to its character as an emblem of silence, the rose maintains reserve in regard to its early surroundings. We know that the great much-doubled flowers that fill our gardens and greenhouses with such a range of color and form were never found—"crowding that softness way out of a wilding wayside bush." The wild rose is always a frail, transient, open-natured flower, the type of simplicity. It might well have been dedicated to Aurora as an emblem of youth, but only the double rose, with surviving petals after petals folding in its heart, can be the flower with which, as

the myths have it, Cupid once bribed Harpocrates, the god of silence, not to betray the love-affairs of Venus.

To China, India and Persia, and the whole orient in fact, may be traced many of the best known strains of our cultivated roses. For some reason, America is poorer in natural species than is the eastern continent, and this, together with the fact that rose culture was well established across the water before gardening was begun in American accounts for our having so few varieties of roses developed from native species.

The prairie or Michigan rose is the only American kind from which cultivated varieties are known to have come. The Messieurs Feat of Baltimore raised seedlings from it in 1836, and among them were the Queen of the Prairies and the Baltimore Belle, two vigorous old-fashioned climbers, that old-fashioned people still love, though they have been much supplanted by climbing hybrids and teas. Of the two Baltimore Belle is the more delicate in form and in constitution, seeming to show traces of Noisette blood, but they are both so hardy and grow so rapidly that they will never quite lose favor until some of the more finished varieties have been produced with strength equal to their beauty.

It was chance that used to watch over the origination of new roses, and, though gardeners do much systematic work with seedlings at present, chance is still busy, and sometimes has better results than foresight; one school of gardeners thinks she always has. A few years ago a red rose sprang up in a Washington garden. No one knew whence it came or where it belonged, but when it blossomed its unusual richness and brilliancy drew attention to it at once, and after making sure that it was a distinct new variety, it was christened American Beauty. Every one knows how popular the exquisite, sturdy-looking thing has since become, and few would guess that one of its best-known growers is already fearing its decline. With no apparent cause the plants have fallen in vigor of late, and instead of throwing out freely their long rich flower stems, they are inclined to bloom on short, dwarfish twigs that are cutting a sorry tale.

Quite unmarked, and so the American Beauty bids fair to end as it began, in mystery; for the decline of flowers is usually a decline of favor rather than of merit, although it is a fact that artificially produced varieties of fruit have often been known to wear themselves out. A variety which cannot produce itself by seed is practically one plant with a more or less limited term of existence. No matter how widely distributed its individuals may be, each is cutting a sorry tale, a bud, or a graft, directly or indirectly from the original seedling; and, since even our grand forest trees, the longest-lived, simple outcomes of a seed, grow old, this great scattered growth ages, loses vigor, and dies at last.

Not only nature and science, but tradition, connect the rose with sterner woody forms, as is testified to by Sir John Maundeville, who started the fashion of travelling in the far east and of telling big stories about it. He picked up endless legends there, as modern wanderers gather bric-a-brac and relics which are more or less the antecedents and brought home this bit of history: Hamuel, a Jew in Bethlehem, once loved a beautiful maiden who did not love him. He was a brutal man, and when he saw that his suit was hopeless he denounced her as a demoniac. Demolishes are burnt at the stake; but when the executioners started the fire about her the flames were miraculously turned away. The stake to which she was bound freshened and turned into flowers, and as she lifted her grate eyes heavenward there swayed above her the first roses that ever bloomed outside of Eden. In Maundeville's day, when science and miracle were very closely allied, scientists may have endorsed this theory of the rapid evolution of the rose from a different vegetable structure; but, if he had advanced it lately, even such a bold formula would be he would have offered it solely to poets. And yet the sudden quickening of a dry stake into flower is scarcely more wonderful than the change that science itself has traced in the development of the blossom from the living branch.

If the mind once asks why plants are thus and thus, the door is opened into an endless investigation of the curious processes of growth and of specialization of parts. Science may never completely answer even the question "why nature loves the number five," for one "why" only leads to another, until the questioner stands face to face with the primary, unsolvable mysteries of life. And it must be said for him that he bows before them with a more intelligent reverence than can be felt by the who never question. Yet the scientists know much of the "how" of Nature's works, and their narrations of it tell of gradual change and sudden transformation, as wonderful as those which we all love in classic myth and fairy tales. The flower, for instance, is only a modification of the branch, the petals and sepals, pistils and stamens being specialized leaves, crowded in close whorls round the shortened axis, yet not quite forgetting the leaves which they have governed their arrangement if they had developed into common green foliage. Nature is full of the proof of this queer fact. The sepals suggest in the beginning, being usually green and somewhat leaf-like, and often being surrounded by bracts from which it is hard to distinguish them; while bracts, in turn, shade gradually into the regular leaves. But sometimes, as in the true lily, the sepals are not green but colored like the petals, and so evidently at one with them that what is true of either must be true of both. From the petals to the stamens is a step that is harder to take, but nature bridges it for us in the water lily, where the petals grow narrower until finally, while preserving their leaf-like form, they are tipped with another; and then come the perfect stamens. Or again, in some neglected rose bush that in its cherished days bore perfectly double flowers, we see the stems undevoted and hidden ranks of stamens encroaching upon the petals, until the garden beauty is reduced almost to the simple wild-rose form. The identical origin of the stamens and pistils is shown in still other flowers, so that the chain is complete from the green leaves that surround the flower, through all its circling envelopes to its inmost heart. Sometimes, like an overbusy worker as she is, nature leaves some little part undone, and we find, small, quick, apologetic verdant leaflets growing out

among the yellow stamens, or taking the place of the pistil, or trying to hold its own with the gaudy petals. The queer little intruder looks like a deformed poor relation in the household of the flower, and leaves no possible doubt as to the family history.

It is the identical origin of the different parts of a blossom and their tendency to convert themselves one into another, that make it easy to develop many new and beautiful varieties from the already numerous original species of rose. Cultivation or any stimulating of the plant has a tendency to make its flower more double, the petals increasing at the expense of the stamens. It is as if, when the gardener's care is felt, nature relaxes her vigilant effort for reproducing the plant, and relies on human help to keep up the succession by cuttings or layers. The gardeners are most trustworthy foster-mothers when a new variety takes their fancy; but after all, they are only "what suns and winds and waters make them," and are often subject to the caprices of the seasons.

While existing varieties are improved and developed by cultivation, new kinds are only produced by growth from the seed, and seedlings are vexatiously unobedient. Nature has a constant tendency to vary from the parent form, but when the parent has been modified by artificial conditions she also has an inclination to return, when possible, to the simple wild form. Cross-fertilization has been found to remedy this inclination in a measure, and to give new cultivations of qualities to the new individual; but even with its aid the seeking for new varieties is a tedious process. The seeds germinate uncertainly and slowly. When the little plants spring up they must be cared for two, three, or even more years before their value can be seen; and then probably only one out of hundreds will have enough originality to make it worth putting out in competition with the established kinds.

Although roses have been cultivated from time immemorial, the origination of new kinds seems to have been neglected until the beginning of this century. The first systematic effort to get improved roses from the seed is recorded at the time of that lover of roses, the Empress Josephine. Dupont, her gardener, was among the foremost in this effort. He grew seedlings from all the choicest roses that could be obtained from the other countries of Europe; yet in 1814 there were only 133 varieties, while in 1847 there were 4,500, and now their name is legion.

Dress of an Indian Swell.

No better spot could be found than Oudeyore in which to observe the ways of high-caste native life. As I remember the resplendent personages who came to make brief visits of ceremony or to pay their respects to some passing notability of official or diplomatic rank, the glittering bravery of their attire, and the elaborate trappings of their horses, the inimitable twist of their blue-black beads, and the deferential grace of their "alaams," carefully graded to the correct degree, the melancholy truth is borne in upon me that the "dude" of Western descent is, after all, but a crude and unfinished production. When arrayed in his court dress, and mounted on his horse caparisoned with corresponding splendor, the Rajpoot noble is decorative to a dazzling degree. One toilet which I had the opportunity of studying in detail might be termed a "symphony" in white, relieved by color sparingly used, and by the sparkle of gems. The wearer of this costume, who appeared thus attired on state occasions only, was a young man of twenty, and sat his horse like a white statue. A long-skirted tunic of white muslin, close-fitting white trousers, and a rose-colored turban with a broad band of gold lace and tall flashing plume of dark heron feathers and gold filigree were the salient points. Other accessories were the sword belt, crossing his breast and encircling his waist, of dark green velvet, should be given. It will cure the cough and build up the system. It is a perfect food for consumption, easily digested and assimilated. It is the kind Physicians prescribe. At all drug stores. T. A. SLOCUM CO., New York.

The Family Demand

an Olive Oil that is right in all those qualities that tend to make

TABLE OIL desirable.

Such is HALL'S Italian Oil,

(bottled under our name and guarantee.)
Pints, - 16 measured - 45 cts.
Quarts, - 32 " - 90 cts.
Half gallons, 64 " - \$1.60.

If you care to know what a "95-cent quart" means, measure, just see how many times it will fill one of your own empty oil bottles.

Edw. E. Hall & Son
770 Chapel Street.JAN. 1st, 1895.
Only Once a Year,

At the beginning of January, do we cut the NECKWEAR, etc., To One-Half the Original Price.

\$1.00 Neckwear now FIFTY CENTS.
\$1.50 and \$2.00 Neckwear now ONE DOLLAR.
Ladies' Penna Bills Handkerchiefs that were \$1.50 and \$2.25, now ONE DOLLAR.Ladies' Garters were \$3.50, now ONE-FIFTY.
Embroidered Suspensers were \$1.50, now TWO DOLLARS.
Fancy Silk Suspensers were \$2.00, now ONE DOLLAR.

Dressing Jackets, House Coats, English Long Gowns and English Mufflers,

At 25 per cent. Discount. CHASE & CO.
SHIRTMAKERS,
New Haven House Building.

richly worked with unalloyed gold, and thickly studded with emeralds, rubies, and brilliants; a transparent yellow shield of rhinoceros hide, with knobs of black and gold enamel; a sash of stiff gold lace, with a crimson thread running through the gold; bracelets of dainty workmanship known as Joyeuse enamel thickly jewelled, which he wore on his wrists and arms; and there were strings of dull, uncut stones about his neck. The skirts of his tunic were pleated with many folds, and stood stiffly out, like the skirts of a "premiere danseuse" in the ballet; and when he mounted his horse a servant on each side held them so that they might not be crushed. Four valets had charge of his costume, and it took them some little time to array their master. The trappings of the horse were scarcely less elaborate; his neck was covered on one side with silver plates, and his mane, which hung on the other side, was braided, and lengthened by black fringes relieved by silver ornaments. White yaks' tails hung from beneath the embroidered saddle cover on both sides; and his head, encased in a headstall of white enamelled leather and silver, topped with tall aigrettes, was tied down by an embroidered scarf in order to give his neck the requisite curve.

The every day dress of this gentleman was far more quiet in tone; but he seldom appeared twice in the same turban, which was of quite a different shape from that worn with the state costume, being small and closely folded, and it constantly varied in color.—From "Oudeyore, the City of the Sunrise," by Edward and Weeks, in Harper's Magazine for February.

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In Mahogany, Cherry, Curly Birch, White Enamel, Quartered Oak and White Mahogany.

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should be given. It will cure the cough and build up the system. It is a perfect food for consumption, easily digested and assimilated. It is the kind Physicians prescribe. At all drug stores. T. A. SLOCUM CO., New York.

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at our prices are more comfortable and less expensive than lambago, pneumonia, bronchitis, all night coughs, etc.

Entire outfits for both sexes for a very little money.

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Tams and Toques---we seem to have the kind the young folks look best in and our price is but

50c each

The Convincing

reasons for our present low prices on all our fashionable Cloaks, Capes and Jackets is the fact that a garment that will sell for \$18 today will go begging for a buyer at \$5 next season---nothing the matter but the style changed, that's all. Well we prefer to split the price to suit you now.

Suppose you come in and get convinced.

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SUPPOSE THEY

Suits you exactly and the cost is very little per yard, and you can have them for Cash or Easy Payments and we Make and Lay them

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Why not choose them now from the largest stock of Spring Patterns in the State?

Bring this ad.; it pays the bill for Making and Laying.

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Finest Tea Ever Sold at the Price in This City.

Elegant English Breakfast Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.
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